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# The Hollow Men



dark

apocalypse

61 1 7

## Chapter 1 by The Ginger

T.S. Elliot was right. The world did not end with a bang, but with a whimper.

Just that morning, the world had been bright. There had been smiles handed out on the streets like ice-cream from a truck. The sun had shone. It had pirouetted about in a sunshine-yellow ball gown, layers of tulle dripping down onto our noses.

Then, the Hollow Men had come.

No more sunshine, no more smiles.

Just silence.

No screams, no explosions.

Dead silence.

Life flickered on and back off for a moment, like a fading light bulb. Then everything went

hellishly dark.

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These jagged whispers repeat one phrase again and again, a dead record:

"The Hollow Men."

My sister squeezes my hand, her pink skin warm and sticky. "Who are the Hollow Men?" She hushes to me, her lips barely moving, as if they are too afraid to.

I stare lifelessly at her with eyes that are bloodless and unfeeling. She is so young, so new to life - though now I am unsure whether or not such life is the gift I once thought it to be.

I grip her hand with my icy cold fingers. "The Hollow Men are..."

## Chapter 2 by Charlotte



...people with no soul. Hollow from the inside but a dark shadow on the outside. They want what they don't have. Happiness. The more we stay in despair, the more we are letting them win." My hoarse voice slowly whispered back. My sister gripped my hand even harder. Our group had seen 3 sightings of The Hollow Men in the past week and I was considering changing camps. If we could walk, we would walk far away but our legs had almost forgotten their purpose.

"Rose" my sister said louder than she should of. I turned my head to look at her. "Will they take us?" She said.

"So long as we don't let them"

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